

Laying Down With The Lamb

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28618716) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28618716>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Abigail Hobbs , Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics , Alpha/Omega , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Omega Will Graham , Alpha Hannibal Lecter , Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham , Scenting , Short
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Hannibal (Omegaverse Remix)
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-07 Words: 1,027 Chapters: 1/1

Laying Down With The Lamb

by [Sanguineheroine](#)

Summary

Abigail wakes to take her place in the pack. Will surrenders to instinct.

Continues from 'The Lion's Den'.

Will enters Abigail's room with Hannibal's hand spread wide and hot across Will's back. The room smells of Alpha, green and bitter, covered with rich floral perfume that coats Will's nose and burns his throat.

"Speak of the Devil," Freddie chirps. Her lips are the rusting red of old blood. *Scavenger*, Will thinks.

After she leaves, Hannibal takes the card from him and opens the window. The cold air sweeps away the remains of her presence, but not Will's disquiet.

"I remember you," Abigail says when they are alone. "You killed my dad." Will flinches as if struck, and the hot metal scent of his distress blooms around them, overwhelming lavender and chamomile and neutraliser.

Abigail's eyes widen and she reaches for him with pale, fluttering hands. "Oh," she whispers, "You're-"

Hannibal reaches to take her hands, stilling them between his own. "Why don't we have a walk?" he asks, and his pleasant tone does not disguise the lion's growl.

Abigail walks between them through the white quiet of the hospital gardens. Hannibal places an arm around her shoulders and his hand brushes Will's coat as they walk. Will breathes the salt of her tears and does not resist when she links her arm into his.

"I do not believe there will be any lasting damage to your scent glands, but the scar will stay with you," Hannibal says quietly. He replaces the gauze and sits back to watch Abigail with golden eyes. His lips part slightly, subtly testing the air. After a moment, he takes her scarf from her trembling hands and casts it aside, winding his own around her throat in its place.

Abigail's calm is sweet and soothing; the smell of a sleepy child. It mixes with citrus and spice and musk and draws Will from his watchful post at the open door to perch on the arm of Hannibal's chair.

Will watches Abigail sleep and thinks of Alice, lost in the woods. *But I don't want to go among mad people.*

"Oh, you can't help that," Will murmurs, "we're all mad here."

The antler room smells of dust and death. Marissa Schuur's hair hangs to hide her face and her clothing has been removed; she is nothing, now. Sleek, bloody, antlers emerging from her womb portent a birth; something brought forth in blood and pain but welcomed by her wide open arms. A longed-for child.

Will makes it downstairs and nearly to the treeline surrounding the cabin before he wretches up his coffee.

Afterwards, Will leans on the boot of their rented car and sips water. Facing carefully away from the house and the growing cluster of emergency responders, he opens his coat and mops at his neck and face with a handkerchief. He rolls pheromone oil over his scent glands and, unbuttoning his top buttons, under his arms. Sweat soaks his binder and undershirt.

“Where was Abigail Hobbs when this girl was murdered?” Jack barks over Will’s shoulder. His growl is deep and hoarse, grating.

“In her hotel room.” Will sighs.

“Where were you?”

In her hotel room, Will doesn’t say. He had woken fully clothed on the second double in Abigail’s room, the sheets beside him still warm from Hannibal’s body and rich with their mingled scents.

“Whoever killed the girl in the field, killed this girl. I’m right about that,” Will raps out, turning to face Jack. “He knew exactly how to mount the body. Wound patterns are almost identical to Cassie Boyle. The same design, same humiliation.”

Hannibal appears. His scent is muted; citrus blended with lavender and chamomile and *Will*. Will flushes. He breathes cold clean air and focuses on the fresh scent of oil rising from his shirt.

He hears only the faint growl of conversation flowing around him. Silence comes suddenly and Hannibal and Jack are watching him, waiting.

Jack wants him to stay.

“No,” Will says. “I want to go home.”

Abigail sleeps in the back seat, sprawled loosely over the warmed leather. Her face is pale, a dim ghost reflected in the vanity mirror.

Will’s eyes are closed but he doesn’t sleep. His chest aches beneath his binder and his skin is flushed and dry from days of reapplying pheromone oil. He wishes for a shower, for his bed, his home, his dogs. He sighs.

Hannibal puts a hand on Will’s thigh and Will thinks immediately of being covered; of hot skin pressed against his back and thighs in the dark, protecting him. Safe. Cherished.

If you lived here, he thinks disjointedly, *you would be home by now*.

The bathroom is gleaming chrome and stone and it makes Will's head ache. He turns off the lights and stands under the hot water until all he can smell is his own scent, sweet mint and herbs and earth, and a lingering note of soap. The warm familiarity of it releases something tight in his chest.

Will dresses in the neatly folded pyjamas left for him beside the door and emerges into a dimly lit bedroom. Hannibal sits in an armchair at the foot of the largest bed Will has ever seen; a wide expanse of shimmering ocean-coloured covers and creamy sheets.

"Your bed is huge." Will says unnecessarily, hovering awkwardly in his no-man's-land between the bathroom and the bed.

"It is," Hannibal agrees. Will feels his gaze on his lips, on the undisguised curves of his chest and hips. The sea-salt smell of slick rises between them and Hannibal rises also, crossing the room in hurried strides. Will feels raw with desire; stripped of all his defenses.

The press of Hannibal's body against Will's breasts is shockingly intimate. Overwhelmed, he makes himself small in Hannibal's embrace and draws his opened lips over Hannibal's throat, nuzzling his scent glands. Citrus and spice are burned away by the scent of *Alpha* ; hot metal and musk, rich on his palate. Will purrs.

Hannibal's growl is triumph and warning; a clear sign to other predators that this is *his* mate, *his* den. He scoops Will up into his arms and Will's heart is light even as desire drags at his belly.

"*Hannibal* ," he says with a laughing groan, then, "*Alpha* . "

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!